

Vol. V — No. 10

# *The Pathfinder*

OCTOBER, 1911

## The Seamaid's Music

(*A One-act Drama*)

By DOROTHEA LAURANCE MANN



PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY  
THE UNIVERSITY PRESS  
OF SEWANEE TENNESSEE  
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR · TEN CENTS A COPY

*Entered as second-class mail matter at the postoffice at Sewanee, Tennessee.*

# VOLUME FIVE

---

The current volume of *The PATHFINDER* contains the following as main features:

January	Poems of Lizette Woodworth Reese.
February	Poems of Lionel Johnson.
March	When <i>The Tatler</i> Told Its Tale, by Warwick James Price.
April	<i>William Sharp</i> (Fiona MacLeod), by William Stanley Braithwaite.
May	The Poetry of Louise Imogen Guiney.
June	The Poetry of Florence Earle Coates.
July	<i>My Thackeray</i> , by Julian Park.
August	Little Poems from Japanese Anthologies, by Evaleen Stein.
September	Poems by Anna Hempstead Branch.
October	<i>The Seamaid's Music</i> , by Dorothea Laurance Mann.



The November number will be given, in part, to James Lane Allen.

# THE PATHFINDER

---

GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*  
THOMAS S. JONES, JR., *Asso. Ed'r.*

---

Contributions are invited from all lovers of good books and high ideals in literature, art and life. The editors disclaim responsibility for the opinions of contributors.

---

## CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER

---

<i>BUILDERS</i>	<i>By Clinton Scollard</i>
<i>THE SEAMAID'S MUSIC</i> (A one-act drama)	<i>By Dorothea Laurance Mann</i>
<i>RUBENS</i>	<i>By George B. Rose</i>
<i>AT THE WHITE GATE</i>	<i>By Thomas S. Jones, Jr.</i>
<i>AFTER VACATION</i>	<i>By Warwick James Price</i>
<i>THE WHITE-THROAT</i>	<i>By Franklin Hamilton</i>
<i>STUDIES OF RED MOUNTAIN</i> <i>FROM MY BALCONY</i>	<i>By Ethel Armes</i>
<i>A SKIFF</i>	<i>By Jessie B. Rittenhouse</i>
<i>REPRINT FROM JOHN STUART MILL</i>	

---

*The subscription price is One Dollar a year; Twenty-five Cents additional when sent to a foreign country. Single copies are Ten Cents.*

*All communications should be addressed as follows: The Editor of The Pathfinder, Sewanee, Tennessee.*

## TO ADVERTISERS

We shall give several pages to the advertisement of those things in which readers of a cultured taste are interested. The circulation of **THE PATHFINDER** is gradually increasing and it should be a profitable medium to you. Our terms for the first year are as follows:

Full page, one insertion, . . . . .	\$ 6.00
Full page, three insertions, . . . . .	15.00
Full page, six insertions, . . . . .	25.00
Full page, twelve insertions, . . . . .	48.00

Advertisements for one-half and one-quarter page are inserted for one-half and one-quarter of the above prices.

A sample copy and full particulars will be sent on request.

**Address** THE PATHFINDER,  
SEWANEE, TENNESSEE.

## SUBSCRIPTION FORM

To ..... annual subscription to THE  
PATHFINDER, payable in advance,  
to begin with issue of Jan., 1911,  
and to end with issue of Dec.,  
1911 . . . . . \$1.00

[Please give your correct address below and return this slip.]

# *The Pathfinder*

---

Vol. V

OCTOBER, 1911

[ No. 10

---

## *BUILDERS*

*By CLINTON SCOLLARD*

Who were the builders? who  
The shapers of stone and clay,  
That with pain or passion,  
In ardent fashion,  
Strove in a bygone day?

Pillar and plinth and arch,—  
Turret and dome and tower,—  
These they builded,  
Carved or gilded,  
Each in his little hour.

Pylon and pyramid,  
And the sphinx men brood upon,  
And that rapt wonder  
The Greek skies under,  
Christened the Parthenon! —

These and more they wrought,  
They that are one with the clod;  
Their names, these moilers?  
They were but toilers  
Under the hand of God!

*THE SEAMAI'D'S MUSIC**(A one-act drama)*

By DOROTHEA LAURANCE MANN

*1st mer.*— Sister, one comes, and he has golden hair.

*2nd mer.*— I see another. Sister, he is dark,  
I like them dark — they have such burning  
eyes.

*3rd mer.*— Is there one for me?

*1st mer.*— There is a third.

*2nd mer.*— Come, let us go and see the men creatures—  
I am full weary when I may not sing.

*3rd mer.*— Tell me, my sisters, do they always follow  
When we call?

*1st mer.*— They always follow.

*2nd mer.*— Come, come, we tarry here too long  
And other songs than ours shall tempt their  
ears.

*3rd mer.*— Tell me, my sisters, does it hurt them  
When they follow?

*2nd mer.*— Does it hurt you when you sing?  
They can no more not follow than you  
Can cease to sing. Their destiny pursues them  
And drives them as a cloud before the wind,  
Hither, thither, till they hear the song  
And follow and are lost.

*3rd mer.*— Are they lost?

*2nd mer.*— Aye, is it not to be lost — so cold,  
So white, so breathless and so still?  
Down, fathoms down in the deeps they lie  
Piled in dull heaps, as listless as the pebbles  
On the beach, but not as fair,—  
Ah, they come nearer, let us go.

*3rd mer.*— I will not go.

*1st mer.*— You will not go?

*3rd mer.*— No, no, I will go back to the dark cave  
Of emerald dusk, where endlessly my father  
Keeps watch beside my mother. He warned  
me

That I should not go away, but, oh, the  
voices—

How they called me!

*1st mer.*— Her mother was a mortal.

*2nd mer.*— To Neptune praise, we have no mortal taint.

*1st mer.*— Aglaia, come, you may not find those caves  
Alone.

*2nd mer.*— His eyes are as two burning stars  
That blaze in the deep blue.

*3rd mer.*— Are those his eyes?

*2nd mer.*— All eyes that blaze and burn and call you  
Are his eyes, when you have learned to know.

*3rd mer.*— But not like those, they call me as the voices  
And I must follow. I will go—  
Only to see. I would not have him lost—  
White, still and breathless—lost to all—  
To all but silence—and not fair—not that.  
I never saw my mother. Can it be  
She was no longer fair—and yet my father  
Watches alway, ever since I, a little child,  
First saw him there, his beard upon his  
chest—

But she has never wakened. Oh, his eyes!

His eyes—I am forced upward to his eyes!

*Voice, above*— What is it gleams so golden in the waves?

*Sec. voice*— Perchance some star has fallen from heaven  
And glimmers in the deep, or happy sun-  
beams

Play there—but no—[He leans forward.]

*3rd mer.*— It burns within me. I must touch his hand  
Just once—one little touch can never harm.

[*The third mermaid floats swiftly up  
through the waves and involuntarily  
breaks into song.*]

Through the grey billows I'm sliding,  
In blue-green shadows I'm hiding,  
Swiftly to you I am gliding—  
Merman, I come to thee!

See how my gold hair is glowing,  
Through the dark waves it is flowing,  
Where deep-sea breezes are blowing—  
Sweetheart, I come to thee!

Round you each gold hair is twining,  
In their warm depths your eyes shining—  
Eyes for my own eyes' divining,  
Heart of my heart, I come!

How cool his fingers are! My heart, my  
heart  
Is as a burning flame, and I must go.

*Voice, above*—Something has touched my soul, and I must  
follow.

[*He leans over the side of the boat and  
it tips.*]

*3rd mer.*— Like blazing coals, Prometheus-brought, they  
touch  
My heart, that flames to meet them as they  
come.  
This is all joy and this all pain to go  
When I have found him and have felt my  
soul  
Aflame.

*Voice, above*— Oh, I must find her. Let me go.

*3rd mer.*— No, no, go back. I would not have you come,

And yet, and yet, a something in me calls.  
 I cannot help it—it is very strong—  
 A god, a dæmon, or a fate, I know not which,  
 And I am tortured with a song—Oh, hear!

[*The air is vibrant with soft music and the sound of many mermaids singing. The boat glides onward, and Aglaia follows. Her face is anguished and her lips move, till finally she joins in the song.*]

Far in the deeps of the ocean caves,  
 Where silence sleeps 'neath the heart of the  
 waves,

I and my love shall dwell.  
 Red are the gleams of the sunset sky  
 Shall pierce our dreams of joys that die  
 Where I and my love shall dwell.

Come with me there to my ocean home,  
 Leave dark care to the glittering foam—

Come to the deeps with me!  
 Safe from alarms, finding your bliss,—  
 Rest in my arms, knowing my kiss,  
 Come to the deeps with me!

[*Again the boat leans far over on one side.*]

*1st mer. &* Come with me there to my ocean home,

*2nd mer.—* Leave dark care to the glittering foam,  
 Come to the deeps with me!

Safe from alarms, finding your bliss,—  
 Rest in my arms, knowing my kiss,  
 Come to the deeps with me!

*3rd mer.—* O Neptune, O my father, if thou rulest the  
 waves,  
 And ye, who rule the heavens, Saturn-born,

Great mother, Aphrodite, hear my prayer,—  
 As thou cam'st once of sea-foam, hear,  
 Demeter, mother of the soil, now save  
 Thy earth-born child; all ye who know the  
 waves,

Hear and have pity. Father, save me now  
 From this dull pain within myself—a thing  
 Born of the gods, which only gods can fight.  
 I will not look, and still I know his lips  
 Are almost on the wave and every wavelet  
 Thrills, transmuted into fire, and burns  
 My brow, my lips, my breast, just as his  
 fingers.

Oh, I will go before it is too late.  
 There are no gods in heaven, nor on the sea.  
 Nothing can save a mortal except death,  
 And I, who am immortal, know no death.  
 Fire and air and land and sea are one  
 For me, and I in them, and they in me.  
 Oh, I will seek my father, whose sad eyes  
 Look past me deep into the mystery,  
 And know a light that I have never seen  
 Elsewhere. Perchance—there may be com-  
 fort there

In his sad eyes and lips that never smile.

[*The third mermaid turns and starts downward, but the first mermaid sees her and calls.*]

*1st mer.*— Aglaia, go not.

*Voice, above*— Aglaia is the name  
 That I have longed for all my life  
 And never known till now. Aglaia, Aglaia!

*3rd mer.*— 'Tis he that calls me. Oh, my heart!  
 Come not, come not, I pray you, oh, come  
 not!

I will stay here and sing. I will do aught  
You ask or wish, but do not follow me!

[*She sings.*]

Bane of the seas, bane of the seas,  
Why are we born with dreams like these --  
A greedy hunger that burns my breast,  
That drives me to you and will not rest.  
Go back, go back to your birds and trees,  
I am bane of the seas, bane of the seas!

*Voice, above*—How silver-sweet her voice sounds o'er the waves.

Aglaia, I am coming now. I will go!  
Oh, none of you shall hold me here. I know  
It is a mermaid sings,—yet will I go!

[*There is a struggle and the boat overturns. The mermaids glide to the scene and each chooses her victim. Two of them resist, but the third, the poet, lies quiet, and does not move as Aglaia comes to him.*]

*3rd mer.*— My love, it is my love. Is this to die?  
His hair curls backward from his brow — his  
lips  
Are white, and oh, his eyes look past me,  
Seeing naught. Oh, I will kiss them  
closed —  
They are so tired, and his lips are patient  
now —

My kisses do not warm them. O my love!  
My love, mine even now, so fair and still!

*2nd mer.*— A sail is on the horizon, let us go.

*1st mer.*— Aglaia, leave him. Come with us.

*3rd mer.*— Leave him?  
*2nd mer.*— Aye, leave him. He is dead and there are  
others.

*3rd mer.—* Oh no, I cannot leave him. He is all my own.

And I will bear him to my father's cave,  
And cover him with seaweed and with moss,  
And hold him warm, and sing to him sweet  
songs

Of love. Perchance—you know not—he  
will hear

Although he speak not, hear and love me  
more.

*1st mer.—* There are other men, and living hearts to  
hear

Your songs, if you will come away with us.

[*Aglaia appears not to hear but glides down through the waves, carrying the body in her arms. The other two mermaids turn toward the ship that comes and begin to sing, but Aglaia glides on, only calling "Father." As she nears the caves, an old man comes to meet her and helps her carry her burden. As they move onward, a great chorus of mermaid voices rises from the ocean caves.*]

Love is a wind and love is a fire,

Love is a terrible thing,

A breath of song and a wild desire,

Love is a terrible thing.

Winds may ruffle the topmost wave,

Birds in the sky may sing,—

But there rises a wind no man can brave,

When love is on the wing.

Love is a wind, love is a fire,

Love is a voice that sings,

The whole world brought to the brink of desire,—

But swift-borne love has wings.

Only a voice that calls from the deep,

When love is on the wing —

A cry, a silence, and then a sleep,—

Love is a terrible thing.

## RUBENS

By GEORGE B. ROSE

Of all artists Rubens had the most splendid career. He lived like a prince. He had a handsome mansion in Antwerp and a truly magnificent country estate with a grand old feudal castle which he converted into a comfortable modern home. He spoke all the languages of western Europe; he was master of all polite learning, and at his hospitable board the most distinguished scholars of the day loved to gather. He was the friend and counselor of monarchs. By his brush he maintained his state, and his descendants still enjoy the large fortune that he left.

All this success is no proof of greatness. His great contemporary, Rembrandt, died in poverty and neglect, while his other great contemporary, Velasquez, though the friend of his sovereign, eked out but a poor existence. Rubens succeeded so splendidly because his art bodied forth all the tastes of his time. It is essentially classic, dealing with the antique legends of Greece and Rome at a time when the love of antiquity was universal and all men were

familiar with the tales of the ancient gods and heroes. It is full of allegories, in an age that was mad for allegories, and loved them all the better if they were far-fetched and difficult of apprehension. Rubens had all the faults of his time. He was the prince of the baroque style, which, with its affectations, its whirling draperies and excessive curves, has filled Europe with so much that is hideous. He was one of the great demoralizers of art. Small men sought to imitate the giant's play, and their gambols are ludicrous. It was largely because he expressed the bad taste of his age that he was so successful.

Yet with all his faults no list of the six greatest painters can be made up that does not include his name. His defects are like the artificial conceits and frigid bombast that one finds so frequently in Shakespeare—merely blots upon a sun of astounding brilliance.

What is it that makes Rubens so great?

To begin with, he is perhaps the greatest master of the brush that ever lived. He can do more with a given number of strokes than any other painter. With a few magic sweeps he makes the flesh live and palpitate and glow with unexampled intensity of life. He knows exactly

how to produce the effect desired with the greatest possible economy of labor; and his pictures always look best in their details at the exact distance from which they can best be considered as a whole.

He was the most fertile of all painters. More than twelve hundred pictures issued from his studio, all the product of his mind, most of them retouched by him in the essential parts, many the exclusive work of his own hand. He has filled all the galleries of Europe with master-pieces.

He was perhaps the greatest of flesh-painters. Flesh that so shines and quivers and is alive we seek in vain elsewhere. The *Andromeda* of Berlin, *La Pelisse* of Vienna, are perhaps the world's most living presentations of the flesh; and in many another masterpiece we find flesh that is almost as vital. Of all things the human flesh is the hardest to paint, and he who paints it best cannot be far from the summit of his art.

Then he is the most brilliant of all colorists. Among any collection of pictures his shine out like flame. As far as we can see them, before we can realize the forms, we recognize the master by the glory of his color. And that color never fades. It is as bright to-day as when it left

his easel. And it is strictly personal. Many distinguished painters worked with him and under him, collaborating in the production of his pictures. They used his palette. He must have wished them to do their best, and he no doubt did his utmost to teach them his art. Yet one can always tell where his magic hand has touched the canvas, as we can tell where a landscape is touched by the sun's rays.

He is also one of the great poets of the brush. His imagination was supremely active. He thought in pictures. Before his mind's eye the brilliant scene presented itself as in a magic lantern. His vast reading and profound knowledge of classic lore gave him unlimited subjects; and when he read, the scene unrolled itself before him as a tableau in all its splended details. His poetry is the poetry of the flesh, but it is none the less the most brilliant poetry. He abhored the literal fact, and lived in an imaginary world peopled by beings filled with a lusty life that makes the existence of common mortals seem dull and cold. He was the painter of the flesh and of its joys, more pagan in the essence of his teaching than any man whom the pagan world produced. His work is a long hymn to earthly joy. This honest gentleman, whose

conduct was without reproach in an age of license, who was faultless in all the relations of life, when he sat down to his easel was surrounded by nymphs and satyrs in every stage of sensual indulgence; and he took a passionate delight in their unbridled revels. Complaint is made that his pictures are coarse and indecent. That they are often unrestrained is true; it is true that they are the apotheosis of the animal in man; but they are always wholesome. In them there is nothing morbid, nothing that suggests decadence. It is the splendid human animal giving full rein to his appetites; but those appetites are always natural; and his men and women are as healthy as they are strong. Their sensuality is unbounded; their capacity for animal joy is unlimited; but in them there is no offense for the healthy mind because they are themselves so supremely healthy. It is as the apostle of the animal in man, the painter of nymphs and satyrs in all their lusty joy, that Rubens is at his best. In this field he has no rivals. Not only all other pictures of such subjects, but living men and women in their wildest revels seem cold and weak and tame when confronted with the passionate creations of his brush.

Though his greatest glory is as a painter of the flesh, it must not be forgotten that he is at times among the noblest of religious painters. His *Descent from the Cross* is so masterly in its dignity, reverence and pathos that it has superseded in the public mind all other presentations of the subject. Nor can one who has seen them ever forget the solemn tragedy of his *Crucifixion* at Antwerp, the grim horror of his *Road to Calvary* at Brussels, or the majestic splendor of his *St. Ildefonso Altar-Piece* at Vienna. These are not the works of a devotional painter like Perugino; but as accessories of a grand ceremonial religion such as that of the Catholic Church in his day, when the Jesuits were seeking to lure men away from the baldness of the Protestant worship by the pomp and pageantry of their splendid churches, they are perfect.

He was the founder of the modern realistic landscape. When other men were neglecting the study of nature and contented themselves with lifeless imitations of Claude Lorraine, Rubens in his estate of Steen looked upon the world around him, and reproduced its luscious charms with consummate truth and power. Indeed, no one else has so fully realized the nature

of that fat land where vegetation grows so rich and green and where the animals share in the fatness of the soil. His pictures were the solid foundation on which the splendid edifice of Dutch landscape painting—one of the world's most precious possessions—was built up.

—+—

### *AT THE WHITE GATE*

*(To the Memory of Michael Fairless)*

*By THOMAS S. JONES, JR.*

It is not far, the life of adoration,  
For all about its many symbols lie ;  
Each dawn has known the mystic elevation,  
And twilight burns pale tapers in the sky.

It is not far, but in each touch of wonder  
That clothes the landscape in a filmy veil,  
And in the winds and the deep voice of thunder,  
And on the music of a summer gale.

Yet in the darkness of the silent places  
Is the one door that guards the sacred shrine,—  
Around the portal are the angel faces,  
Within, the everlasting Bread and Wine.

*AFTER VACATION**(Just a love letter)**By WARWICK JAMES PRICE*

DEAR KATE:—

Here on the forward deck,  
Where breezes cool are blowing,—  
(Ten minutes past we left The Neck,  
Its pier now scarcely showing),—  
Here, where a kindly sun smiles down  
From out the blue above you,  
I'll scratch (before we reach the town)  
This note to say I love you.

How time does fly! Two years ago,  
With Yale a recent story,  
The summer came that was to show  
A truer good than glory.  
And when the *next* July was here,  
And business roofs above me,  
Life had begun!—I'd found *you* dear,  
And found that you could love me!

To-day the world still wags along  
Its ways of work and duty,  
But now your days are filled with song,  
And mine are filled with beauty.  
For both of us have learned to read  
New signs, new beauty giving;  
And both subscribe to Cupid's creed:—  
“Love is the best of living.”

“I love you Kitty!” That is all  
My happy heart is saying;

That you love *me* has banished Fall—  
 Made all my year one Maying.  
 “I love you!” And the whole of life  
 Shall set itself to show it.  
 And when, dear, you’re at last my wife,  
 I think that you will *know* it.

Good Dan, in his sunshiny ways  
 And daily words of greeting,  
 Makes easier these waiting days,  
 With promises of meeting.  
 With wind abeam and favoring tide  
 (Not much of cloudy weather),  
 We sail, till port shall make you bride,  
 And leave us one—forever.

We’ve nearly left the country shore,  
 The city’s smoke grows nearer,  
 And I must get to work once more,  
 And leave what’s so much dearer.  
 I’ll add a desk-line later, this  
 Has reached its final cover.  
 It brings you, Kitty mine, a kiss  
 From your devoted

LOVER.



### *THE WHITE-THROAT*

*By FRANKLIN HAMILTON*

The white-throat whistles clear  
 From waste land coverts gay;  
 Symbol and prelude of the passing year,  
 He hath his part to play.

In Spring he passes, too, when fields are brown,  
Nor fails to sing, for fickle April's frown  
Hath little weight to bear his spirit down.

But he is oftenest seen  
When the ripe swelling of the pregnant year begins  
To scorn disguise, and harvest laughter rings  
When maiden's glance the husking forfeit wins.

Deep in the hedge-row's yellow sheen,  
Where blood-red vines the gnarled post conceal,

He sings  
His, See—see—see—feel—feel—  
The mellow sunlight fall ;  
Why mourn the dying year and drear November's pall ?

Lone woodland minstrel he,  
From out the hardy North ;  
God's sparrow, lilting, though somewhat plaintively,  
His steady challenge forth.

For him, also, fear and drear days abound,  
And earth's eternal sadness laps him round ;  
But still he sings, because his song was found,  
His few sweet notes were conned  
In fields all bright with lush autumnal stores,  
When flitting south with tuneful lingerings,  
Where sumachs blaze round open threshing floors,  
When woods their gala robes have donned,  
And amber lights through golden arches steal,

He sings  
His, See—see—see—feel—feel—  
The mellow sunlight fall ;  
Life's golden heart is open free and wide to all.

*STUDIES OF RED MOUNTAIN  
FROM MY BALCONY*

*By ETHEL ARMES*

I have a little white balcony entirely my own. It is quite remote from the rest of the house—and the world too. I have only to step out of my bedroom window and here I am . . . miles away.

It is but a tiny little place, fifteen feet by eleven. And there is nothing on it to speak of—one camp chair, a footstool and five small plants. Some time, perhaps, I shall have a garden up here, but I feel too lazy these days to do anything more than just dream about it, and then my five plants and the fields and the hillside are enough for happiness. I have ferns, one sweet alyssum, and daisies—daisies because they are so clean and white, and at the heart golden, as the old joyous comrades. Then, too, they carry me back to Maryland. They were among the first flowers of the fields that I learned to love. I have a dim, vague sense of having once been lost in a vast field of daisies when I was very, very little, years ago in Maryland —dripping wet from summer rains

they were, and sweeping white like foam in a sea of tall grasses.

But just so, with the old white sweetness in every finger's touch, I lean back in my camp chair and breathe in the cool, clean air, and half closing my eyes, feel the sense of the green hillside possessing me. Over me, is the wide, white sky, ever changing, ever dreaming. Across the luminous red clay of the road in front of me, St. Charles street, lies my field, fresh and tender green, all sunlit, and rising, just beyond is my wooded hillside like a high wall of deeper, richer green, so dense are the trees, so aloft their branches, leaf-laden, green-winged, beating at the heart the purple deeps. Often when a cloud shadow is brooding over the hill it turns dark and ominous, quivering as a mighty wave about to hurl itself upon the broad field, its white low-lying beach, sun-burnished and glistening; but swiftly the shadow flies farther to the east and leaves me my hill-side fresh, young and sweet again.

I hear bird notes and the rustling leaves of the oak grove at my left. The distant rushing of the train is like the sound of far waterfalls, and the wailing whistle of the locomotives, sad voices in sleep ever sobbing, ever lost in the purple hollows.

Nothing happens from day to day, and yet everything happens.

About 6 o'clock every evening a few of the miners come from out of the red caverns on the hill, and one by one down the winding path over the field yonder into town, a leading, swinging stride, their dinner buckets clanging, the lamps on their caps burned out, their faces, hands, clothes a sodden red from the iron ore. Did they not move they would appear like the red rocks on the hill-top.

My balcony faces the east a little by south. Sometimes the early mornings are soft and quiet and white, the sky a faint, pale blue beyond the misty veil and the hillside is quiet as a babe at sleep.

But a breeze comes leaping; the shepherd's crook twirls. The veil is swept away and the mists rounded off into fleecy groups, then scattered to graze in the heavenly blue. Then other days the clouds take the forms of great birds, gray and white-winged. They fly over my hillside to where I cannot tell, and so quickly I cannot count their silent shadows.

In the early forenoon usually my hill is in shadow and the field sun-swept. The clay bank is a narrow, dark-tinged ribbon—bound

with the fringe of sunlit grass. But before noon, if the day be keen, it is glittering red and the light, sharp as gunfire strikes the hill, making wide gaps and breaches in the trees and carving knife-edge shadows. In the late afternoon the reflection of our house roof falls across St. Charles street, and, little by little, is builded up the red clay bank a perfect pyramid. Soon that picture goes and other shadows glide swiftly to the pyramid's base, climb the bank, too, and peep over into the field, then land both feet there and go fairly running up to kiss and capture the hillside. Only a few more seconds and it is lost in the shadow's arms.

I cannot see the sunset at all from my balcony, for it goes down beyond Glen Iris. back of our house, but many times I wander off for the brief twilight skies and return to my balcony to meet the stars.

I have made a great discovery. I have found the sleeping place of the stars. It is in Shade's Valley, just over my hillside, down, way down into the depths of green eternal. By day the waves of the trees cover them, but at night they steal forth and wander slowly up the steep climb to the crest of Red Mountain, and here they rest a space in the tree tops. I see them,

so I know. They are gathering breath for the far journey up into the dark heavens, for the long highway to the west, glowing, quivering, valiant little travelers, ever to the west, and not afraid of the celestial trail! As you and I!

Even had we crowns and light to start.



### *A SKIFF*

*By JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE*

A skiff upon the inland streams,  
And not a frigate on the sea,  
Is this, my heart, that drifts and dreams  
In sweet, alluring vagrancy.

Out there upon the main, I know,  
Brave galleons of thought set sail,  
And there the winds of fortune blow  
And there the master hopes prevail.

And oft insistently a tide  
Sets seaward in my longing heart,  
And I upon the deep would ride  
And in the traffic bear a part.

And yet what stays me that I lie  
At morning by some green-fringed marge,  
And smile to see the schooner high  
And smile to see the barge,

And know that they will reach the main  
League lengths ahead of me,  
And bear their cargo home again  
Ere I have dared the sea?

*The*  
**MOSHER BOOKS**

---

---



*NATURE THOUGHT SERIES*

- I. RICHARD JEFFERIES
- II. WALT WHITMAN
- III. HENRY D. THOREAU
- IV. FIONA MACLEOD

Blue paper wrapper	per volume, \$ .25
Limp cloth	per volume, .50
Flexible leather, gilt top	per volume, .75
Japan vellum edition	per volume, 1.00

SPECIAL SETS IN SLIDE CASES

As above, four volumes \$1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00

Sent postpaid on receipt of net price

---

---

*THOMAS B. MOSHER  
PORTLAND, MAINE*

ART

LITERATURE

MUSIC

# RHYTHM

*A new quarterly, designed to give expression to new movements and new philosophies of the Arts*

THE editors hope to make an appeal to those who have the progress of Art really at heart in America, and to devote special space to that interest. Without being too radical, the attempt has been made to produce a magazine that will be absolutely unique, and from the support promised the venture by practically every Post-Impressionist of real merit, this aim bids fair, certainly on the artistic side, to be realized. The editorial committee includes English, French, and American writers and artists, among them Anne Estelle Rice, whose name is very familiar in this country. Francis Carco, perhaps the most truly gifted of the young "moderns" in Paris, is a contributor of verse; other authors appearing in the first number are Rhys Carpenter, J. Middleton Murry ("Philosophy and Art"), Arthur Crossthwaite, and many others.

A prospectus of "Rhythm" will be gladly sent. Subscriptions, one dollar, will be received and forwarded by the American editor, Julian Park, 510 Delaware ave., Buffalo, N. Y., or may be sent directly to the publishers,

JAMES NISBET & CO.

22 BERNERS ST.

LONDON, W., ENG.

*The*  
**Temptation of St. Anthony**

By GUSTAVE FLAUBERT

*Translated by Lafcadio Hearn*

An Epic of the Human Soul's Search for Truth

THE tortured Saint is whirled by vertiginous visions through cycles of man's efforts to know why? whence? whither? He assists at the terrifying rites of Mithra, the prostrations of serpent-worshippers of fire, of light, of the Greeks' deified forces of nature, of the Northern enthronement of brute force and war. Plunges into every heresy and philosophy, sees the orgies, the flagellations, the self-mutilations, the battles and furies of sects, each convinced it has found the answer to the Great Question. His experiences startlingly reproduce the scientific and spiritual researches of the man of to-day.

\$1.25 net.

**THE ALICE HARRIMAN CO.**

542 Fifth Avenue } New York — Seattle } 318 Denny Bldg.

---

## THE PAPYRUS

A MAGAZINE OF INDIVIDUALITY, EDITED BY  
MICHAEL MONAHAN

a man of romance, invention and purpose

Ten Cents a copy

One Dollar a year

Published monthly by

MITCHELL KENNERLEY, NEW YORK

---

## THE MIRROR

"REEDY'S PAPER"

Published every Thursday at Syndicate Trust Building,  
St. Louis, by one of the most brilliant and clever, true-  
hearted and sane editorial writers of the day.

The copy, Five Cents      The year, Two Dollars

Ten Cents a Copy

One Dollar the year

# THE IDLER

*A Monthly Magazine of Ideas  
for Idle People*

• • •

“THE IDLER is called a Monthly Magazine for Idle People, hence the field would seem to be somewhat restricted. . . . Certainly the contents are well worth while, and a busy editor longs to ‘loaf and invite the soul,’ while reading them.

“If Mr. Robert J. Shores, who is responsible for THE IDLER, can keep the pace, his little magazine deserves many subscribers, though the wit and serious philosophy contained within the covers entitle it to a more dignified title; but it could not be discounted for attractiveness. THE IDLER is certainly ‘fetching.’”—*The Bookseller*.

THE IDLER is sold by subscription only. Single copies will be mailed to any address upon the receipt of ten cents, coin or stamps.

ROBERT J. SHORES

*Editor and Publisher*

EAST ORANGE

NEW JERSEY

**I**F we wish men to practice virtue, it is worth while trying to make them love virtue and feel it an object in itself and not a tax paid for leave to pursue other objects. It is worth training them to feel not only actual wrong or actual meanness, but the absence of noble aims and endeavors, as not merely blamable, but also degrading: to have a feeling of the miserable smallness of mere self in the face of this great universe, of the collective mass of our fellow-creatures, in the face of past history and of the indefinite future—the poorness and insignificance of human life if it is to be all spent in making things comfortable for ourselves and our kin and raising ourselves and them a step or two on the social ladder.

JOHN STUART MILL

THE LADDER IS SOON TO BE SPANNED OVER. SINGLE COPIES  
WILL BE SOLD AT THE MIDDLE OF THE LADDER. THE LEAST OF THE  
COURTESY OF A COPIE

ROBERT L. STORRS

THE LADDER IS SOON TO BE SPANNED OVER. SINGLE COPIES

NEW JERSEY

NEW ORANGE